

All The Vowels Vow

diverse Drabbles zu diversen fandoms

Von noii

Kapitel 2: hurt

They're hurt. He's hurt and she's hurt. He's hurt physically, while it's her heart that's in pain. They're hurt separately, while they're hurt together, she can't really explain what's going on, but it is.

She feels an ache every time he hisses sharply, when she brushes lightly over one of his wounds to heal him, make it better or make it worth it - she doesn't really know.

He's hurt and he's hurt, because of her stupidity. He protects her, he rescues her, he dares to give his life for her and doesn't ask for return. Well, not really. And it hurts. She feels shame, she feels lamentable and like a baby, which she knows she acts like, sometimes - actually all the time.

She feels shame, because she always gets in danger, gets always kidnapped by some guys and always needs to be rescued by him. She feels lamentable, when he shows up with his usual smirk, when he kills the guys and looks down on her afterwards, with that look in his eyes. It's not that he doesn't like it, it's not that he judges her, he enjoys killing after all. It's just this look in his face that feels like a dagger in her throat.

She feels like a baby, when he drops the bodies on the ground or in the river and then starts walking away from her, like he's done the job and he doesn't expect her to do anything about it anymore, which makes it even worse.

She feels like a baby slowly trotting behind him, home, or somewhere else, she doesn't even notice sometimes, she just keeps feeling bad the whole evening, and even worse when she lies down and feels the tears in her eyes, rapidly blinking them away.

She kind of learned dealing with that anyways, getting kidnapped, getting rescued, getting looked at, falling behind, falling down on the bed and asleep.

It's not that hurtful anymore, since they're all used to it.

It all comes down to her when he gets hurt, though.

When the guys are strong or when he's forced to throw away his weapon like yesterday in the church.

When he's forced to take a risk on his own to save her life. It hurts like hell, she thinks.

It feels like her skin gets ripped off, like her body would tear apart, like her heart

would be clenched in a fist. When he calms her down with words, saying he won't die, it gets even worse.

Knowing he's willing to say that makes the fear of losing him grow larger and larger.

It hurts like hell, she thinks once again, wiping his forehead with the cool towel. He growls, and she knows it hurts like hell for the both of them and that there's nothing she can do about it.

She feels pain all over her body as if she'd be the one with all the wounds and maybe she is, well, maybe it's just like that: They're both hurt, differently but the same.

She wants to say she's sorry or that she's not, just something that tells him what leaning down and kissing his sharp, sarcastic mouth would tell. Maybe letting him know he's worth all this.

He growls again and she puts a hand on his chest to calm him down. Or at least she tries - something, anything, to heal him, to make it better, or at least worth it.